

NOV 1 1916

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
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THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

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THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 49

No.

6

NOVEMBER, 1916

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy
I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Vol. 49

Boston, November, 1916

No. 6

KINDNESS is more contagious than cruelty.

WE welcome into the goodly fellowship of humane organizations the newly formed Maine State Education Society.

TEACH a child to be kind and just toward animals and whatever the gain to the animals the greatest gainer is the child.

IF only someone who wanted to invest a thousand dollars in the building of child character would give it to us to put another worker in the schools of the country!

WHY is it less noble to maintain peace by means of the pen, than to seek peace by means of the sword? Is "honor" sacrificed in the one case more than in the other?

HAS any one mentioned the suffering to animals that would have resulted from a great railroad strike? They have to be fed in our towns and cities as well as human beings.

IT was the late Frances E. Willard who said of Mr. Angell and his zeal for humane education: "I look upon your mission as a sacred one, not second to any founded in the name of Christ."

AFTER carefully watching the red and gray squirrels for many years, Walton, the "Gloucester Hermit," tells us in his book he has never known one of them to molest a bird's nest. Has the squirrel been unjustly accused in this respect?

THE President of the French Republic has not been too occupied with the great war to write our European representative, M. Jerome Perinet, that he would confer with M. Millevoye, a distinguished French deputy, with regard to bringing before the French Chamber the need in France for organizing Bands of Mercy in all the schools. M. Millevoye, deeply interested in this subject, has written that he will speak upon the theme at the "first opportunity granted him by the Chamber."

A PRAYING PRINCE

A VIENNA dispatch says that Prince Maximilian, son of the murdered Archduke Ferdinand, has founded the Youth's Association of Prayer for a Speedy and Favorable Peace. The association already has 14,000 members. Prince Maximilian is fourteen years old. If all princes were of this type we should have few more wars.

F.H.R.

AN ENCOURAGING SIGN

THE *Sacred Heart Review* is our authority for the following:

College drinking songs are on the decline. The University of Pennsylvania has taken action prohibiting the further use of songs that are fit only for drinking-bouts. Ohio State University is taking similar steps. Sooner or later all the colleges will be compelled to yield to the rising tide of sentiment against social drinking.

Wine and song have long gone together. The former often seems a harmless indulgence in the presence of the merry spirit of the latter.

F.H.R.

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS

HUDSON MAXIM, who wrote "Defenseless America," who "got up" (in the interests of preparedness) the blood-curdling picture-show, "The Battle Cry of Peace," which has gone broadcast through city and town of our land, and in which you see the foreign soldiery breaking into your very homes to outrage and kill, who invented smokeless powder, and sold his patents to the Du Pont Powder Co., of which he became a stock-holder and chief mechanical engineer, who is the brother of the inventor of the Maxim-rapid-fire gun, Sir Hiram Maxim of England, has been among the most vociferous advocates of preparedness.

F.H.R.

FISHERMEN TAKE NOTICE

AFTER quoting from *Our Dumb Animals* a short editorial which urged the killing of all fish as soon as they are taken from the water, and opposed the use of such live bait as frogs and other fish, the editor of *The Humane Angler* adds, what we are positive the majority of men and boys who fish do not know:

"Fishing with the artificial lure is the humane way and the most sport-producing way. Frogs killed before being impaled on the hook as bait are more alluring than the live frog." F.H.R.

INTERNATIONAL BIRD TREATY

ALL bird lovers will rejoice to know that a treaty has been entered into between the United States and Great Britain to protect migratory birds in this country and Canada. By three great highways the birds and the waterfowl pass back and forth between the two countries. One is along our Eastern Atlantic coast, another is by way of the land included in the Mississippi valley, the other is the Pacific slope west of the Rocky Mountains. There is also a northern, or breeding zone, and a southern, or wintering zone. While in passage, and while in the north or in the south our migratory insectivorous birds will have the protection of both governments, the game birds also will be protected under laws and regulations agreed upon.

The last two or three years have been wonderful years for the birds in the way of the legal protection obtained for them. On the one hand economy, claiming that toward a billion dollars a year is lost to the farmers because of insect pests, which the birds, if not destroyed, might largely have cared for, and on the other hand the sportsman, seeking protection for game birds that he may still have his hunting season, have joined with the real lovers of birds to bring this about. Wise men have long insisted that from the point of view of economy alone, the protection of our birds would ultimately arouse, as it has, the interest of the nations.

F.H.R.

OUR MOST VITAL WORK

WHILE we are engaged in a work that appears to many to have consideration only for the animal world below us, really the most vital and the largest work of our two Societies is the training, particularly of the young, in the general principle of humanity. To inculcate in the heart of youth the spirit of justice and fair play toward all life, human and sub-human, is more than anything else our supreme ideal. Who can estimate what it has meant for the American Humane Education Society to reach through its various workers and organize into Bands of Mercy, more than 4,000,000 of the children of this country? Even more than what this has meant in the lessening of animal suffering has been its influence upon the characters of the children themselves.

F.H.R.

Note the object of the Gift Shop plan, on page 89 of this number.

The Little Feathered Rescuer

By DORA SIMPKINS

IT is almost unbelievable that our brilliant, little feathered pet, the canary, should merit such an important rank among the heroes of the world; but there is scarcely another living creature which has done as much to save the lives of men in danger.

The canary is recognized today as an indispensable helper to the rescue worker at great mine disasters; so much so in fact, that Uncle Sam possesses about twenty of these birds which he keeps regularly in his service for this especial work. They have become the pets of the professional rescuers of the Bureau of Mines.

Whenever a mine disaster occurs, this bureau rushes its rescue corps to the aid of the entombed miners; and the little canary birds go along also. A few of the intrepid rescuers, with oxygen breathing apparatus attached to their backs to provide them with fresh air, break their way into the gaseous and dusty depths to save all

singing a gay song; at the least pollution of the atmosphere, he wilts and droops. His very charm acts as a meter to indicate the purity of the air, and by its strength or weakness the rescuers are enabled to gauge the distance that they may safely penetrate, in their aid of the imprisoned miners within.

Before the canary proved its effectiveness as a rescuer, many other small creatures were used for experimentation. The white mouse was among this band and it was thought for a time that it would serve the purpose in an ideal manner; but the white mouse often takes to sulking and it sometimes sulked in action, which is not the way for a hero to behave at all, and the rescue men could not tell the difference between its sulking fits and its true response to asphyxiating gas.

Not so the canary; always chipper and sprightly, it proved itself the most dependable



TINY CANARY SHOWING MINERS IF THE AIR IS PURE

of the men, who have, perchance, been only injured.

These men start the fans going to keep the air moving and then begin to dig out the victims. Only a few men can do this perilous part of the work; the risk is too great for a number of men to be allowed to imperil their lives. But others press as close behind as they possibly can, to be ready to render first aid to the injured men delivered from within. In the company of these workers, the canary enters the scene to play its part.

Just a word to tell why the canary is picked for this heroic service and to explain what use he, a mere mite, can possibly be in any stupendous calamity. It has been found that the canary, of all tiny creatures, is the most sensitive to atmosphere. The slightest presence of an asphyxiating gas affects him. In the fresh air, he is happy and gay, preening his feathers and

indicator of the condition of the atmosphere. So now the little canary's cage is held aloft at all of the country's great mining disasters; the little bird within is watched most carefully, for its actions regulate the position of the rescue crew.

Sometimes, while the men are waiting for the injured ones to be carried to them, the contaminated air rushes out and the little feathered hero is overcome. But he is as carefully attended as the stricken miners themselves. Quickly he is thrust into another cage which has an oxygen tank attached to it. Oxygen is pumped into this cage and the bird immediately revives.

One of the rescuers owns a bird that has been asphyxiated seventeen times, and seventeen times has it been revived! Now, the owner, who treasures it most highly, says that it must not be taken in dangerous places ever again. Seventeen heroic experiences, which would

MY CARDINAL

BY E. BERTHA PERSON

EVERY morning in the year,
Hear I your whistling clear! —
When the morrow's dawn you greet,
In summer gardens, winter street;
When you bend the budding bough
Outside my window, as — but now!

Oh, Cardinal, your cheery call
Sounds gayly on through falling snow,
From cedar hedge, or garden wall.
What care you? The winds may blow,
Low, dismal clouds drop chilling rain:
Your flashing, flaming, fiery will
Bids all defiance. All in vain
The southland smiles. You call and trill.
The rest have flown, but you remain.

Your heart athrob, your throat athrill,
Imprisoned, did you whistle still
Of billowing winds, horizons vast,
Until your keeper, touched at last,
Unloosed the bars? — From ledge to tree,
You darted on the airy sea?

My Cardinal, though free again,
No high retreat. The vine, the hedge
Reveal you to the eyes of men.
You light upon my window-ledge
To stir my courage, hope inspire,
Unheeding habits of your kind.
Oh, noble spirit! heart of fire!
That stoutly breasts the cruellest wind!
Your princely pride lifts my pride higher;
I blush to own a craven mind.
Lord Cardinal, aristocrat!
Proud, scornful, aye, an autocrat!
But steadfast, though fair days are gone.
Call, Cardinal, call bravely on!
A hope as high, a faith as strong,
Let me but echo in my song!

indeed suffice for a man, constitute a splendid record for a tiny bird, and the owner thinks it should be retired from active service.

Not only at disasters are canaries useful. Every day, before the miners descend the shafts of the coal or metal mines, the foreman walks through the subterranean passages, oftentimes two or three miles underground, to see that everything is all right. In his hand he carries a bird cage and his little pet flits about within. If the little chap makes this trip unaffected at the end, the miners are allowed to enter also and begin their work.

Thus, on the safety of one tiny life hangs the safety of many others; and on the service of a little bird does the great work of rescue at mining catastrophes depend.

THE BEST PREACHER

MARTIN LUTHER in his autobiography said: "I have one preacher that I love better than any other upon earth; it is my little tame robin, which preaches to me daily. I put his crumbs on my window-sill, especially at night. He hops to the sill when he wants his supply, and takes as much as he desires to satisfy his need. From thence he always hops on to a little tree close by, and lifts up his voice to God, and sings his carol of praise and gratitude, tucks his little head under his wing and goes fast asleep, and leaves tomorrow to look after itself. He is the best preacher I have on earth."



FAVORITES OF THE FIREMEN

FRIENDSHIP AMONG HORSES

BY SAMUEL C. BUSWELL

WHILE living near Judsonia, White county, Arkansas, some years ago, I owned a horse that I called "Prince," and my son Frank had a horse named "Tucker." We kept them loose in the stable, with the door open so they could go to the woods' pasture or get a drink of water at will.

One Sunday morning, when Frank went out to feed the horses, they were not to be seen in the stable, so he called them. Tucker came up within sight, stopped, whinnied, and then started back. Frank, thinking that was strange, called again. Tucker then came up nearer, whinnied again, and again started back. Frank concluded that something must be wrong with Prince, so he followed Tucker from the stable down the lane to the woods' pasture, about one hundred and fifty yards, and about the same distance beyond to the creek. Tucker led him on, about a hundred yards up the creek, where poor Prince was seen with both hind feet fast in the quicksand in the creek, and one fore leg over a wire that had been stretched along the upper bank to keep the horses out of a field of oats but had fallen down. Prince could not move, but whinnied constantly when he saw Frank, who talked to him until he became quiet.

Frank took Tucker back to the stable, put the plow harness upon him, got a singletree, halter and rope, and then put the halter on Prince and the rope over his back, and after putting the ends between his fore legs tied the rope and halter to the singletree. Frank then hitched Tucker, and pulled poor old Prince out. How grateful Prince was! A human being could not have shown more gratitude. And think of the love that Tucker showed for his companion!

These two horses would not stand it to be separated, for whenever we attempted it they would fret, so we always allowed them to enjoy each other's company.

"The Ginger Pot"

By ART. HENDRICKSON

THE Ginger Pot" came into our stables an outlaw. He left them as gentle as a kitten. His taming is a matter of history on Lakebrook Farm.

His first appearance was notable for the fact that he was led down the long lane by a man with a broad hat and rough-looking face, and though cut and bleeding, he was giving the hard-faced person the time of his life. Father stepped out to receive him, but the stranger waved him aside. "Better keep away, pard, if you value your life. I've been chucked three times since I left the stock-yard, more times than I've hit the ground before in my life."

Father did not stop or back away, however, and as the stranger spoke I came out of the house. My first act was an exclamation of surprise. I was looking at the prettiest bit of broncho horse-flesh that I have ever seen. His coat was a golden brown, with mane and tail nearly silver. A blaze of white on his face helped emphasize the beauty of his small head. Arabian blood showed in every line. But to balance the beauty was the disposition of a satan. He could bite, kick and strike, and when the buster turned him in the pasture I knew that we would be many months getting him ready for his first lesson on the polo field. But as the great gate closed behind him he received his name. The color of his coat and his fiery disposition suggested it, and I called him The Ginger Pot.

The buster swore with a vengeance as the pony galloped away, and I was glad when he left the farm an hour later. When it came feeding time our man started to get him in, but coaxing and driving were to no avail and father tried the rope. After several throws the rope fell over his head. Then the fun began; kicking and plunging were mild compared to what the pony did. The rope was snubbed around the gate-post and the little animal drawn gradually closer, but the reward was a broken rope, and the pony stayed in the pasture that night.

Father went out to saddle him the next day and was rewarded with a broken shoulder. Every one on the place had a try after that, and when I found time to take my turn he was a thousand times worse, if such a thing was possible.

I have heard many theories concerning horse-breaking, but the only one that proved practical in every case was that of kindness. Father always argued against it, the boys all laughed at it and cited the long list of ponies broken on the farm by the whip and spur method as proof. Their reasoning had sounded good, but I had never used one of the Lakebrook ponies that I would care to tie up to for keeps. So amid jibes and laughter I sallied forth one bright morning to try my luck with The Ginger Pot. Rope in one hand, saddle and bridle in the other, I stepped into the field whistling a tune. I was rewarded by a side glance from the pony as he nibbled the grass at the far side of the lot. I walked toward him slowly, he raised his head and watched; when about halfway across I laid my saddle and bridle on the ground and calmly lighted my pipe. Then I took my rope and walked toward him. He did not move until I was within roping distance; then, as if to invite me to try my luck he started off at a brisk gallop. I threw the rope and as he stopped short to avoid it I had the satisfaction of seeing it settle over his head. Although I did not belong to the Lakebrook breaking force I had served my

time at handling horses western style and therefore knew all of the peculiarities of the bronc. The rope pulled tight and the pony was off again. I threw myself to the soft turf and allowed myself to be dragged a few hundred feet. This winded him slightly and as he slowed down I jumped to my feet and threw away my broken pipe stem. I did not have time to take stock of my torn clothes, for a repetition of the bucking and kicking exhibition was taking all of my attention. I couldn't have snubbed the rope had I wanted to and when he finally quieted down my hands were burning as if my heavy buckskin gloves were afire. My legs felt as if I had made a long journey on foot and my vanity was hurt by the laughter along the fence. Had I lost my temper then I would have lost the best saddle pony that I have ever ridden. But I kept myself composed and in a short time had the pony standing at the other end of the rope, regarding me as a peculiar being. I made no attempt to bring him to me for a while, but allowed him to circle and stand as he saw fit. After a slight period of this I drew him to me very slowly and finally led him to where I had deposited the bridle and saddle. These I placed upon him very slowly but not without much kicking and biting. Then I led him around the pasture, after which I mounted. I had considerable difficulty staying on; I was without spurs and carried no quirt and could not give him even the punishment he deserved when he tried to rub me off against the fence. But I held my seat and succeeded in riding around several times before I considered the lesson ended. During the ride I talked to him continually and when I turned him loose I favored him with a pat on the neck. This procedure I kept up for several days before I took him off the place and each day I could see improvement in his behavior. It was not many weeks before I could make him come at my call and the boys were all acting very respectfully toward me. Everything was easy after that. My main difficulty was to break him from being a one-man horse, as he had a decided dislike for father and in fact any one who had anything to do with his first days at the farm. This was overcome by taking the disliked person with me when I saddled him, so that they gradually became acquainted.

In this way was a pony broken that was shipped from his home ranch an outlaw. In this way did I discover the best saddle horse I ever owned, for I bought him. The Ginger Pot became the pride and pet of Lakebrook Farm, the small children even rode him and instead of calling him The Ginger Pot on account of his peppery disposition, they called him Ginger for his rich brown color.

ISN'T the horse a peculiar animal?"

"In what way?"

"Why, he can always eat best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth." — *Albany Argus*.

OUR Dumb Animals as an educator and influence to promote kindness, good-will, and destroy selfishness is worth 100 times the subscription price. — *Grand Rapids Morning Press*.

WHEREVER there is war there must be injustice on one side or the other, or on both.

RUSKIN

PATHETIC AND SUBLIME

ONE of the best of the many fine results of the last "Be Kind to Animals" Week, which we read in a newspaper clipping of the hundreds received, was in Cincinnati, Ohio, where "every freight car that went out of Cincinnati loaded with cattle during the Week was placarded with a sign, 'Be Kind to Animals.'" There can be no doubt that this motto struck many a responsive eye and heart, and prevented many an act of cruelty to these poor animals in transit,—that, before they were slaughtered, they were saved some unnecessary cruelty. We thank and congratulate all those good people who had any part in this fine humane thought. It is worthy of permanent, everyday effort.

"LIVE STOCK EXCEPTED"

THANK God there was no railroad employees' strike," as one of our correspondents writes us. Were there no Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, no laws enacted through the perseverance and fidelity of members of such societies to prevent cruelty to live stock and poultry on railroads, the probabilities are that "live stock excepted" would have been omitted in the notice to the public concerning the threatened railroad strike—at least by some roads—and animals and poultry would have been accepted and would have greatly suffered had there been a strike, as is the case in transit now, in many instances, whether from wilful cruelty, ignorance or oversight. Every humane society should exert every effort to alleviate, as far as possible, cruelty to animals and poultry—not only on railroads but on the streets of every city, town and village in this country. There are many opportunities for concerted, diligent efforts to curtail cruelty to animals and poultry in transit.

IN THE AUCTION STABLE

I STOOD for half an hour one hot Saturday afternoon in an auction stable where horses were being sold," said a friend recently. "What a wretched place it was—men, coarse, vulgar and profane of speech,—men with long whips which they cracked frequently and deftly made to strike sensitive spots on the horses' bodies, causing fright and pain which some ignorant bidder might, perhaps, mistake for high-spiritedness!

"I left feeling, I think, as Lincoln might have felt at his first sight of slave and lash and auction block, when he said to his companion: 'If I ever get a chance to hit that accursed traffic I'll hit it hard.'"

Humane education is hitting hard at all traffic that makes needless suffering for speechless creatures.

JONES had just returned from his "annual" trip in his yacht, and was recounting his experiences.

"I never saw such a storm in all my life."

"Pardon me, my friend, since you saw the storm, no doubt you can tell us what color it was."

"Certainly. The wind blew and the storm rose."

I DON'T think I deserve zero on this examination," said the pupil, as he took his geometry papers.

"No, I do not either, John, but that was the lowest I could give you," said the teacher.

TO A MOUSE IN THE AUTUMN WOODS

BY ADELAIDE NICHOLS

GRAY, like the flicker of shadows across the light,
Small, so you hide in the curve of a withered leaf,
Still, all still, save for dark, bright eyes in the shade
And the start of the upcurled tail of you, that betrayed

Your hiding-place there in the curve of the dead
brown leaf.

Tense little feet, toes all outspread and white,
Like snow-stars that fall in November on withered
leaves,

Ears aflame to hear, if a fern-stalk sways,
Eagerly waiting to dart into pathless ways,
Which you know are the paths to home through
the dead, brown leaves.



Courtesy of The Field Illustrated
AN AYRSHIRE HERD AT PASTURE

AUTUMNAL INSECT SONG

BY JARED BARHITE

AUTUMNAL gloaming, fraught with sound
Of saddened sweetness born of death,
Ten thousand charms with you abound
In insect-song and zephyr-breath;
Allure my ears to catch the strain
That flows mellifluous from the throng
That sings its dearest, best refrain
As life ebbs out in joyous song.

Sing on, sing on, sweet insect choir,
And teach my soul to sing a song,
That shall all mortals so inspire
Earth shall become a minstrel throng
With tongues ecstatic, chanting praise
To Him who made and clothed the field,
And set the dome of heaven ablaze
With astral worlds to us revealed.

THE BOY AND THE WOODCHUCK

BY H. L. PIPER

IS there any finer sight than a field of red clover in full bloom? Dark green leaves nodding in the wind and countless blossoms. What food for the imagination of a country boy to feast upon! With acre after acre of such a prospect before him, why should he not become spiritually rich? Does he? Watch one farmer boy and see what the clover field means to him.

Often he looks across the clover as he does the morning chores, and the minute that he is free he runs down beside the wall where the clover is deepest and greenest. "I've got him," he yells with triumphant joy and victory showing in every look and action. Victory is his surely, but if someone could only be there to interpret

the awfulness of his success! For in a hole beneath his feet is his victim, a baby woodchuck. The big steel trap, cleverly covered with sand and wisps of grass the day before, has done its work, just what it was made to do. And the boy is jubilant.

What does his triumph look like from the other side? Sometime in the dusk of the previous evening the little woodchuck, fat and funny as a month-old puppy, waddled out from his doorway to look at the great world. Sitting upon his haunches he surveyed his new domain, saw the splendor of the clover heads, the waving fields of grass, the apple orchards beyond, and still farther off the blue hills and the red glow of sunset. Truly it was a fine and beautiful world into which he was coming. Being a woodchuck, he probably thought more of the clover and the sweet apples, but measured even in those terms the world was good and friendly to little creatures.

One step forward, a slight yielding of what looked like solid ground, and all the beauty and goodness of the world in store for him burst into horrible pain and shock. The steel jaws of the

trap sprang up through the loose sand and closed upon him with crushing force. If he had been a bigger woodchuck the trap would have caught a leg only, but being so little, he was close to the ground and the steel jaws closed over the lower part of his body, pinching up a fold of the skin, the walls of the abdomen and the intestines within. Where then was the beauty and friendliness of the world for little creatures? All lost in horrible pain and fear.

That was at dusk and through the long night a tragedy went on slowly and cruelly. He was such a little fellow that, hampered by his injuries, he could hardly move the big trap at all. But the instinct to get back into his hole, passed down to him through generations of wise old woodchucks, did not desert him in his extremity, and inch by inch he worked himself and the trap into the mouth of the burrow. Every effort brought a new thrill of pain to his tortured body,

but the worst came when he was brought to a sudden stop at the end of the trap chain, securely fastened to a stake outside. Mad with this new resistance and with terror, he struggled frantically until his strength was gone, rested, and then struggled again against that mysterious something which kept him from seeking the only safety which he knew. Trap jaws are sharp and they gradually worked through the flesh of his fore leg, broken at the first joint, until only the tough skin held the foot to the leg. Closer and closer the trap closed on his body as he struggled, finally cutting through the skin and revealing the bloody, sickening mass within.

All night long the struggle was resumed at intervals and now, in the morning, he waits dumbly just within the mouth of his burrow, still facing outward defiantly. Down inside the burrow his brothers and sisters are crouching and cowering in wonder at the mysterious struggle at the doorway. They do not share his pain but they know that something awful is happening to him. One last struggle awaits the little woodchuck, for when the boy grasps the chain to pull him from the hole he braces himself desperately and resists to the last ounce of his strength. Although he is so little he has the advantage of position and his agony is increased by the new tearing and crushing of mangled flesh, bone and tissue in his last struggle. The agony is prolonged while the boy goes to the barn for a shovel to dig him out.

The tragedy ends with a quick blow from the shovel and the spark of life which has survived the night of suffering goes out with a convulsive twitch. Can that crushed thing be the same little fellow who came out into the sunset light? Can that boy ever be the same as he was before? I think not. Inevitably such experiences deaden the boyish sympathy and kinship with all living creatures. His boyish imagination is coarsened and can never go to the skies. The highest inspiration of the clover field may never reach him.

And all the dumb suffering, all the dwarfing of human possibility, are wholly needless. Woodchucks which are pests can be destroyed quickly, painlessly and surely. And a boy's imagination can be left free to go to the stars.

A physician was driving through a village when he saw a man amusing a crowd with the antics of his trick dog. The doctor pulled up and said:

"My dear man, how do you manage to train your dog that way? I can't teach mine a single trick."

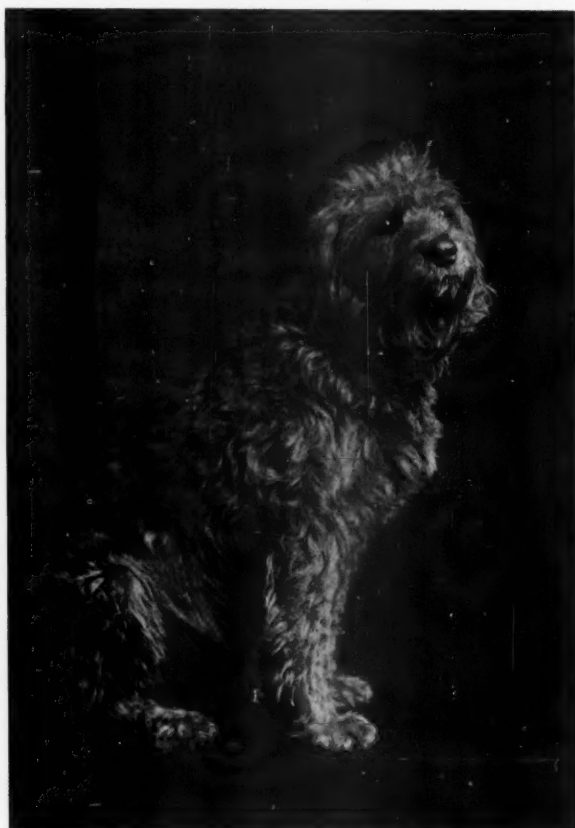
The man glanced up with a simple rustic look and replied: "Well, you see, it's this way. You have got to know more'n the dog or you can't learn him nothin'."

IRRESISTIBLE

I NEVER could resist that dumb petition of the dog, — with his soul in his eyes. . . . No matter what I wanted to do, those two dogs compelled me to take them to the banks of the Allier and kept me employed throwing stones into the river for them. Oh, that tyranny of the weak, there is nothing more irresistible."

Thus wrote Pierre de Coulevain.

It is a pretty picture: this wonderful woman, devoting all her time and thought to study of the most intricate problems of life and of the soul, writing so exquisitely the result of such studies, — and with such a short time in which to do the work that her busy life had so long prevented, — taking the time to throw stones into a river, because a dog had asked her so to do.



"TROUBLE," A DOG WHO KNOWS

AN APPRECIATIVE DOG

IN commenting upon an address delivered by President Rowley at the Field Day and Work-Horse Parade of the Hoosac Valley Agricultural Society, held in North Adams, Massachusetts, on July 4 last, the *Herald* of that city said: "Dr. Rowley was applauded vigorously at the close of his address. The human race was not alone in its applause. There was another enthusiastic creature in the shape of 'Trouble,' a thoroughbred English Airedale, owned by Mrs. Percy Chambers of Williams-town. The dog is a valuable animal and is noted for his sagacity and intelligence. Before Dr. Rowley spoke he had patted the dog's head. When he finished his address the Airedale set up a series of vigorous barks that caused laughter among the spectators. Mrs. Chambers asserts that the dog understood what Dr. Rowley said."

"PERCY," A MONKEY

BY MRS. A. E. ROBINSON

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—While we do not encourage attempts to domesticate wild animals, the following account shows such fine consideration in rescuing an unhappy animal and such subsequent kind treatment, that we have decided to publish it. The monkey is owned by the author at Stockton, California.]

PERCY is a black Brazilian ring-tailed monkey, with a smooth white face; bright, beady black eyes, and a little patch of black hair on his head that gives him the appearance of a very old weazened up man with a skull cap. He has long limbs and hands very much like a human baby's hands.

I purchased Percy in Los Angeles, from a man whose brother captured him in Brazil, and brought him all the way to California. He was about six months old when I got him. This man was very cruel to Percy and used to beat him unmercifully, trying to tame him, and I bought him because I hated to see him so abused.

Percy was so wild when I bought him that we could hardly go near him; but he immediately took up with my cousin who has always been very kind to animals of all kinds, and went up on her shoulder and kissed her all over her cheek, and, although he has only seen this lady once in three years, when he did see her he immediately went to her and loved her in the same way, and could hardly be induced to go back to his window.

Percy is very fond of peppermint candy and one day, while sitting on this lady's shoulder eating a peppermint, the thought seemed to strike him that she might like candy too, and quick as a flash he took the mint out of his own mouth and popped it into hers, as she opened it to say something.

When I receive a letter from this cousin, Percy always wants the envelope and smells it all over, and finally chews the stamp, but will not destroy the envelope, as he seems to know that it is different from other envelopes. Sometimes he will play with it all day, and at other times he will take a pencil and mark all over the envelope, when we tell him to "write to Ella." He never wants to write to anyone else.

He is very intelligent and seems to understand everything one is speaking about, and if you give him anything he never forgets it and always expects the same thing when he sees you. For instance, one man let him go through his pockets and take out something he had brought for him one day, and ever since, when this man comes, Percy has to go into his pockets immediately and search until he finds something. Another man let Percy knock off his hat, the first time he came to see him, and now when he comes, Percy immediately knocks off his hat.

Percy lives in a store where he has an opportunity to see many people. He picks out his friends and makes up his mind that he dislikes some people very quickly. He is always glad to see his friends, but when anyone whom he dislikes comes in, he makes faces at them and acts very much like a badly spoiled child.

He is not very fond of children, as a rule, and does not seem to notice them very much, unless they are very nicely dressed, when he shows a preference for little girls with bright colored ribbons. There is, however, one little boy named Bobbie who comes to see Percy, who seems to be an exception to this rule, as Percy immediately comes down from his cage and wants to run and play with him.

Sometimes when things have gone wrong and Percy is crying, I say, "Here comes Bobbie."

He immediately stops crying and begins to look for Bobbie. We believe the reason he likes Bobbie better than other little boys is because Bobbie is gentle with him.

We had Percy in the window of the store and crowds of people used to stand outside to watch his antics when he was performing on his trapeze and the louder they laughed the harder he would perform, seemingly trying to show off still more.

We have to watch Percy very closely as he is mischievous, and he seems to realize when he is being watched and will wait until he thinks the coast is clear before attempting his mischief. When caught at any mischief he cries very hard and seems to be very angry at the person who has discovered him, and the only way to stop his crying is to pretend to whip that person.

He is very industrious and likes to do what others around him are doing. For instance, if I am sewing, Percy has to have a needle and thread and piece of cloth and sew too. He pushes the needle into the cloth with his hands and pulls it out with his teeth. He likes to try to mend his playthings when they are broken and will work hard trying to fix them.

He eats nearly everything that we eat, but has an especial preference for grapes, and when eating them he holds his head back so that he will not lose any of the juice. He is also very fond of raw eggs and will hold one in his hand, make a small hole in one end and suck out the inside without spilling a drop. He can drink from a cup or glass just as a person drinks, and can use a spoon very nicely.

When his master goes away he grieves for him and will hardly eat, and the moment he sees his master coming he says, "Ah-hah," which seems to be an expression of enjoyment.

In the mornings he is quite talkative, when he wants his breakfast, and says, "Ah-hah, ah-hah," and when his master says, "you must say it three times," he does say, "Ah-hah, ah-hah, ah-hah," emphasizing the last one very strongly.

When bath time comes we give Percy a pan of water and he gets right into the pan and washes himself, using his tail for a wash-rag. He washes his feet like a person, washing between each toe very carefully, then after he has dried himself he holds out his feet to his master to have his toe-nails manicured.

When Percy gets sleepy he wraps himself up in his little blanket and curls up into a little furry ball and goes to sleep. He used to have a white rat for a pet and he always wanted it when he got sleepy. He would hold and rock and love that rat, just like a mother with her baby, then curl up with it in his arms for the night. When his rat died one day he grieved for it and would not be comforted for a long time.

I have been offered large sums of money for Percy, but we have become so attached to him that it would seem almost like selling one of the family and we would not think of accepting any price. I believe that the little monkey would very soon grieve himself to death if he was separated from us.

The cute things that he has done would fill a book, but I feel that this will give you a fair idea of his habits and intelligence.

WHO or what is it that prevents the ravaging hordes of insects from overrunning the earth and consuming the food supply of all? The bird. Bird life, by reason of its predominating insect diet, is the most indispensable balancing force in nature.

JAMES BUCKLAND

The Keeper of the Kennels by MART MANLEY

HERE is a boy that would rather play with dogs than with the lads around the corner. And for that reason Ralph Watson, thirteen-year-old Toledo boy, has earned himself the position as manager of the Caswell Kennels in Toledo, Ohio.

"Instead of hangin' around with the kids, I'd rather be with the dogs. We never scrap and always have a lot of fun together," says Ralph.

The Caswell Kennels, famous throughout the country for producing Airedales, are located just outside the Toledo city limits. Not all of

Sometimes in the big play-yard, for his own amusement and that of the dogs, he stages a circus. He is the ringmaster and the dogs are the performers. "Flip" and "Pickle," the wire-haired terriers, are the clowns. "Czar," the big Russian wolf-hound, is the elephant in the performance. "Paddy Boy" and "Brand Whitlock," Airedales, are the lions, and the chows are the horses.

"Some day," says Charles Quetschke, owner of the kennels, "the world will know of that boy. He knows more about animals than any one I have ever seen. Right now he can tell the pedi-



THE DOGS ALL MIND THEIR KIND KEEPER

the dogs are Airedales. Some are Chinese chows, with their sly Oriental ways. Others are ferocious bulldogs from England.

No matter how vicious they are when they arrive at the kennels, they soon are tamed by the boy. Kindness is the whip with which he trains them to obey. He has never used a stick on any of the dogs.

"They understand me when I talk to them. Right now I have eighty of them. They are my playmates."

To the ordinary visitor at the kennels the fifty or more shaggy Airedales look almost exactly alike. Ralph can easily tell them apart. He knows "Paddy Boy" from "Brand Whitlock" by the tiny black mark on Paddy's head. He says that it is easy to distinguish them when you associate with them every day.

When Ralph talks, the dogs mind. When one is sullen, he scolds the animal and the others growl. That's a signal for the sullen one to do as Ralph commands.

Once when a particularly vicious bulldog was boarded at the kennels, Ralph had an adventure that showed how the other dogs loved him.

When Ralph entered the room to feed the dogs, the newcomer jumped at him and fastened his teeth in the boy's hand. The big pan of "stew" dropped to the floor and was spilled. Instead of leaping for the food, the Airedales leaped for the stranger. When others, summoned by yelps, arrived, the strange dog was taking the licking of his life.

The boy knows how to handle the distinct breeds of dogs. The chows, he pets and praises as the prima donnas of the kennel, but to the shaggy, hurly-burly, faithful Airedales he gives most of his affection.

grees of all the famous Airedales, and he has a knack of talking to them that conquers the most vicious beast. Kindness is the note of his training and by that kindness the dogs know him as a friend."

WE have reached a period of human history in which man finally recognizes his oneness with the great tribe of life and is willing to receive all growing and sentient things into his protection and care. — *Boston Herald*.

A LONESOME DOG

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON

YOU miss your master, little dog, ah yes!
He's gone to help our country in its stress.
He couldn't take you with him, bless you, no!
A little dog would not know where to go
With soldiers all around, and guns, and noise;
You're safer here at home among the boys
You've known so long and whom you love, I know,
Because they used to love your master so.
What would you do when bullets hissed their way
Across the field when you were out at play?
Your master could not be of service then;
His time must all be given to the men
Who scatter bullets seeking but to kill.
Your little life would not be worth a pill.
Yes, war is dreadful, little dog, we know.
Sometime, we hope, men more humane will grow.
Dogs fight among themselves, 'tis true, but then
They are not more blood-thirsty than are men.
Be patient, doggie, sometime war will cease;
And we shall hear the world proclaiming peace.
Your master may come back to you, and then
We all will join in one long, grand amen.

Parrots—Their Needs and How to Keep Them

By MADAM TUTTLE

IT is surprising to me to meet the number of people who never allow their parrots to have water. All parrots should have free access to water except when they are sick with diarrhoea. Some parrots, being dry feeders, live a long time without water, if they are given ripe, juicy fruits from which they can derive water. Most parrots learn to like crackers and coffee and bread and coffee on board ship while being brought to this country, and must gradually become accustomed to water here, as nothing takes its place. Parrots know when their systems call for water, and they suffer for the need of a cool drink, as would their owners if they could not help themselves.

While lecturing in one of the large cities of the East, a lady came to me in great distress.

Her wonderfully clever parrot had been sick for months, and she knew not what to do for it. When she saw water in the cups of my parrots' cages, she was greatly surprised and said, "Oh, dear me, you give your parrots water to drink, and I have never given mine a drop." Although her husband was a physician, none of the simplest remedies, such as one would give to a child, were given the parrot. This poor parrot had been suffering and losing strength several months. They watched their pet and cried over it, but never concentrated their minds upon the subject long enough to use their reasoning power; if they had, the doctor's first lessons would have impressed his mind that nothing could live without water. I found that the parrot had for several months been kept in their kitchen, where water was constantly running from the faucet. Everybody drinking water,

water all around him, but the poor parrot was dying, slowly, cruelly, for the need of it. His noisy clamor had been misunderstood to be bad temper, when in reality, like a little child, the bird was only complaining of conditions that annoyed him and caused his suffering, and all because a thoughtless friend had told this lady that she had heard that "water would kill parrots." Instead of using common-sense, they kept the water from Polly, ignorant of her needs. In this case, all the glands of the throat, the veins and arteries that receive water and form the saliva that aids digestion, had become dry, withered and powerless. Not being able to digest food caused trouble with the other organs of the body, which brought on such pain that the poor suffering parrot finally refused to eat and soon died. This parrot suffered otherwise from ignorance and neglect as to its requirements, having previously enjoyed his own corner in the living-room among the family, where

they petted and played with him, allowing him his freedom occasionally, which kept him constantly bright and animated. Polly soon drooped and the longing for water increased, no doubt, when these attentions ceased. Gradually the social duties of the doctor's wife grew and occupied her time and attention, and Polly was banished to the kitchen and left to the care of the maid, who had no time to spare for attention to Polly. For nearly two years that parrot had been dying for a drink of water.

Some Practical Suggestions

Not all parrots like the same food. Give your parrot a good variety to eat. If you are liberal with dainties from the table, be careful to study results. Too much rich or greasy food, close

usually between the hours of eleven and three o'clock. Polly likes a secluded cosy corner for a nap.

Parrots must be busy. Give them playthings—a stick to chew, a clothespin, a spool, a pasteboard to tear. See how cunning they are with a clothespin and a thimble and a piece of cloth. Change them frequently from one room to another, if the same temperature. It helps to brighten their mental activities. Allow parrots their freedom from the cage every day to walk about. If time is limited, ten minutes is better than none. They will become very tame and soon show their appreciation.

A play-box containing some straw or shavings purchased at a bird store, some gravel, sticks to chew, and playthings in it, placed in one corner out of draughts, for their special playtime, makes them very happy. They scratch and chuckle, talk and sing, and chew the box all to pieces at their leisure. It is nesty and homelike to them, and they develop very cunning traits.

Parrots are in the class with elephants, eagles, and other long-lived birds and animals, their average age being about one hundred years. History tells of parrots having lived two hundred years. Treat them, pet them and care for them as you would babies, as they never grow up.

For colds, gently pour down Polly's throat five drops of olive oil. Same remedy for indigestion and cramps. For bloody diarrhoea, give the parrot the same number of drops of olive-oil. Follow in an hour with the following remedy: to three tablespoonfuls of milk that has been boiled

cooled, add half a teaspoonful of wheat flour, stir well and gently pour down Polly's throat half a teaspoonful. Repeat in an hour. Polly should show signs of improvement soon after the second dose. About four or five treatments should suffice.

THE ANIMALS WILL MISS HIM

BELIEVE me, I have had to fight to keep the politicians from stealing the feathers off the birds and the fur off the animals," are the words of final farewell spoken by the headkeeper of the Lincoln Park Zoo, Cy DeVry, as he took leave of the great family of animals and birds that he has watched and trained so devotedly.

Keeper DeVry held his position for twenty-eight years. It was no political sinecure. The offer of a similar position carrying a bigger salary with a moving picture concern of Los Angeles was sadly irresistible. DeVry made many friends. "The animals will miss him."



MADAM TUTTLE AND HER PARROTS

confinement and no exercise will cause diseases—indigestion, diarrhoea, pulling the feathers, and others. Sunflower-seed, hemp-seed, and canary-seed are their principal food. Hickory nuts, pecans, and peanuts may be given them. Silver sand or gravel should be supplied in abundance. Roots of grass, lumps of soft coal ashes, if Polly likes them (some of mine do), will aid digestion.

Parrots are naturally very clean birds, and they worry if their cages are not cleaned often, at least once a day. It is unnatural for parrots to bathe in water. In their wild state, in their native country, they bathe in silver sand, though they enjoy a bath in the rain in warm weather. I often bathe mine in warm weather, with an atomizer, and as none of them like to sit in the sun, I place them in a warm room out of a draught to dry. Never force your parrot to sit in the sun if it does not like it. Cover part of the cage some time during the day,

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

Boston, November, 1916

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles, with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 180 Longwood Avenue, Fenway Station, Boston. We do not wish to consider manuscripts of over 1200 words in length.

A FINE TRIBUTE

THE letter which is printed below seemed to us so beautiful a tribute to the man who had finished his work, that, through the kindness of the Boston Ice Company, we have had it, with the accompanying note, sent to each of the company's two hundred drivers.

September 20, 1916

To the Drivers of the Horses
of the Boston Ice Company,
Boston, Mass.

My dear Friends:—

I have observed for nearly twenty years the men who have driven the horses of the Boston Ice Company and very seldom have I seen them treating their horses in a way that could call for criticism. I have furthermore found them courteous and respectful whenever I have talked with them about their horses.

Having therefore received a letter, a copy of which I am enclosing, it occurred to me that you would be glad to read it, first because of its recognition of the fine character of Owen Lewis, one of your fellow-workers, and also because it might make it easier for you to believe that your own fair and kind treatment of your horses is observed by customers of the Ice Company and by those who see you from day to day.

With high regard for you as faithful servants of the public, and with my best wishes, I am,

Most truly yours,

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY,
President.

This is sent to you through the kind permission of the Boston Ice Company.

23 Greenville Street, Roxbury, Mass.
August 23, 1916

My dear Dr. Rowley:—

I thought you might like to know about an ice-man, as we term it, a gentleman by the name of Mr. Lewis of 2 Forest Avenue, Roxbury. He passed out through an operation and is to be buried tomorrow,—Thursday. He drove a team for the Boston Ice Company and had the love and respect of all. He was noted for his kindness to animals, especially his horses. He never missed an opportunity to give them grass or apples or pears that he might find on the ground as he went here and there through the gardens with his ice for the customer.

His horses looked for and watched him constantly. They were sure of an armful of grass, if it had been newly cut, or a pear if one had fallen from the tree. He treated both alike; first one got a mouthful, then the other, and he always had time to wait for them to finish the last mouthful. He never spoke in a loud or nervous manner and never used the whip. In fact he never carried one at all, and his horses used to turn that heavy wagon for him so nicely in the middle of Greenville Street. He never took his heavy wagon down the hill, as they would have to pull it back and up

the hill again, but he would walk down and see who needed ice and the men carried it, rather than make the already heavy work of the horses greater. It is too bad that this sort of driver should not be with the poor dumb creatures far longer,—he set such a good example.

I wonder if in some way this could reach other drivers who have to do with those faithful servants our horses who work for nothing—hard—all day, and look for nothing but a square meal and a kind word. I know if there is a way that other drivers may know this, that you will find it better than I, so I send this out of justice to one who rightly deserved credit.

Wishing you health and strength and many, many more years of service, I am,

Yours in the work,
JESSIE SCOTT HAGEN.

SHALL WE KILL HIM?

ONCE more the sparrow, our ever present, dusty, hard-working little *passer domesticus*, is before the court on trial for his life. Now, the complainant is the League of American Sportsmen, which is planning to enlist the activities of colleges, schools, Boy Scouts, police and fire departments, and all other forces it may be able to command in one determined attack upon him. Nothing less than his extermination among us is the end sought.

Before we all respond to the heroic call of our friends the sportsmen, and set out with gun and trap, and fire and water and poison against this tiny criminal, there are one or two things that are well worth considering. Will an enlightened, educated public opinion sustain a movement that sets young boys killing birds by every possible means that may be devised, even when the birds are sparrows? Must not the character of a child inevitably suffer from the practice of killing? Must it not, this crusade of destruction, blunt his finer sensibilities, lessen his regard for life in all its humbler forms and foster in him the spirit of indifference toward suffering? There is but one answer to these questions. Experience has demonstrated that argument here is excluded. From parents and teachers and editors everywhere there should arise a prompt and positive protest against enrolling the children of the land in any such campaign as has for its object the killing of birds, no matter what the birds are. The bird life of this country is too vitally related to its very existence to run any risk of training the youth in the process of exterminating even an injurious species, should such an one exist. In addition it should be said that there are sparrows, other than the English sparrow, which resemble him sufficiently to make probable the killing of many a bird against which no charge has ever been brought. No, if the sparrow is all his enemies say he is, and if he must be destroyed, then let us entrust his destruction to men designated to the task and not to children.

There is still something more to be said. We know the Department of Agriculture has advocated the trapping, poisoning and shooting of the English sparrow. But even that distinguished body does not know everything, has much still to learn. It has had to change its views many times upon many questions. What are we to do with such facts as these:

Recent investigations carried on by the Biological Survey lead to the statement made by that authority, that during the years 1911 and 1912 it was estimated that one brood of young sparrows destroyed at least 2000 alfalfa weevil in a day.

Prof. R. J. DeLoach, of the Georgia Agricultural Experiment Station, says he witnessed the spectacle of about 1000 sparrows attacking

a field of German millet which had been invaded by several million of the army-worm caterpillars. In approximately forty-eight hours the field had been completely cleaned of the worms.

James Buckland, of London, in a paper published in the Smithsonian Report for 1913, says: "Some years ago the agriculturists of Hungary, moved to the insane step by ignorance and prejudice, succeeded in getting the sparrow (*passer domesticus*) doomed to destruction. Within five years the country was overrun with insects, and these same men were crying for the bird to be given back to them lest they should perish. The sparrow was brought back and, driving out the hordes of devastating insects, proved the salvation of the country."

Our own Edward Howe Forbush, Massachusetts State Ornithologist, wrote us some time ago, in reply to our question about the sparrow, as follows:

"If we were rid of the sparrows and had our native birds back, no doubt we could attract them into our cities and they would protect the trees, but if now we should destroy the sparrows I suppose that other insects would increase, particularly the geometrid caterpillars, which the sparrow was imported to destroy.

"Personally, I should deprecate very much any widespread effort to destroy the English Sparrow, for I think that the bird is now fastened upon us and extermination is impossible. Any popular attempt to destroy the sparrows will result in the destruction of other birds more useful than the sparrow. I should not object, however, to the sparrows being destroyed by trustworthy, reliable citizens in any case where it might seem necessary for the public welfare to have this done."

There is no doubt, in our judgment, from personal observation and conversation with careful observers, that the English sparrow in America is changing his habits and becoming more and more an insectivorous bird. We have watched him destroying the brown-tail and gipsy moths, climbing about fruit-trees searching for insects. This very summer with a flock of over fifty sparrows living about our place, every one of a number of bird-houses on the premises has been occupied by bluebirds and house wrens, and in the trees more robins and vireos, and in the garden more chipping-sparrows have nested than during the past six years. For twenty years we have observed the sparrow with more than usual care. We have never seen him attack a bird of another species. That he is often a nuisance, building his nests over windows and in shutters, even his best friend would not deny. In this, however, he is not a worse sinner than the pigeon. Never were the sparrows more numerous in New Zealand, says Buckland, never were the complaints more bitter against them, and yet never were the harvests so abundant. He concludes, "The good the sparrow does must far outweigh the evil."

We have written thus at length, not because we regard ourselves competent to prove or disprove such a statement as is made in the last sentence just quoted from Buckland, but to call public attention to the fact, first, that this attempt to enlist the youth of the land in a crusade of killing is deserving of a loud protest from all lovers of child-welfare, for the child's sake; and second, that apparently the evidence is not yet all in with regard to the sparrow, and, that before constituting ourselves complainant, lawyer, judge, jury and executioner, we make quite sure the accused is guilty of all the crimes charged against him and is worthy of death.

F.H.R.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868
Offices in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
Building at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, *Ass't Treasurer*
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H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D. }
JOSEPH G. M. DE VITA, V.M.D. }

MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined.....	3089
Number of prosecutions.....	28
Number of convictions.....	26
Horses taken from work.....	159
Horses humanely destroyed.....	125
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined.....	17,741
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed.....	39

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges \$4176.91 from Savings banks, balance of estate of Nathaniel G. Bagley; \$1000 from payment of mortgage note, estate of Samuel E. Sawyer; and \$750.92, interest. It has received gifts of \$600 from a life member, \$38.26 from friends, and \$20 from J. H. S.

The Society has been remembered in the will of Miss Caroline H. Cottle of Boston.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$209.12 from a Massachusetts friend, \$40.33 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature, \$34.10 from the South Bend (Indiana) Humane Society, and \$12.54 from a Rhode Island friend; and \$658.86, interest.

Boston, October 10, 1916.

ORDER YOUR FUEL NOW

BY ordering and having your fuel for the winter delivered as soon as possible you will save many a horse from slipping on the icy streets in winter, and perhaps save many of these faithful workers from having their legs broken. "BE KIND TO ANIMALS," and your fireside will be the more enjoyable in the winter months. DO IT NOW!

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100
F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.,

Chief Veterinarian

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., } *Resident*
J. G. M. DEVITA, V.M.D. } *Assistants*
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S. } *Visiting*
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Treatment for sick or injured animals

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

Small Pet Boarding Department

Under direct oversight of the Doctors of the Hospital

Address 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston
Telephone, Brookline 6100

WHY HE WOULDN'T CONTRIBUTE

WE received last month a letter from a man telling us why he would never contribute to our Society. The occasion was a hearing before the Boston Street Commissioners with regard to the form of pavement to be laid on a part of Devonshire Street. Over the two blocks under discussion passes the great bulk of the city's heavy teaming. One of the blocks has quite a grade. We appeared for the horses. We pleaded for some form of pavement that would give them a footing. We spoke of the sufferings on the part of horses, witnessed by us, when slipping, straining, falling on pavements such as many wanted on Devonshire Street. We were very restrained in what we said. We recognized frankly the claims of property owners for a less noisy pavement than granite blocks. We were willing even to compromise so long as something was done to make it easier for the horses.

There was present at the hearing a property owner who said he owned a million dollars' worth of property on Devonshire Street and insisted on a wood pavement. To our amazement he wrote, a day or two after the hearing, a letter from which we quote the following: "I was so disgusted with the Society's attitude that I would not be willing to contribute a cent to it again. Because of occasional trouble on wooden block, or very smooth pavement, it is apparent that your organization would prevent all smooth pavement being constructed, even though the financial loss to abutters was beyond measure." No one objected to "wood or very smooth pavement" except where heavy teaming had to be done. "With your exhibition of such selfish and unreasonable motives as was shown last Wednesday, I am sure you will never receive any further contributions from me." The gentleman has never been among our regular contributors. Some years ago he was kind enough to give us ten dollars.

We regret the loss of the least of our friends, but shall continue to stand by the hard working, long-suffering horse. F.H.R.

RELIEF FOR THIRSTY HORSES

FROM June 29 to September 19, 1916, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with its several watering stations and its two traveling water carts, supplied water to nearly 200,000 horses in the streets of the city of Boston. During the nineteen days of September, 44,676 horses were watered.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER

Cases entered.....	220
Dogs.....	115
Cats.....	56
Horses.....	45
Unclassified.....	4
Operations.....	81

Free Dispensary

Cases.....	306
Dogs.....	211
Cats.....	87
Horses.....	4
Birds.....	4
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	3680
Free Dispensary cases.....	4745

Total..... 8425

THE VACATION HOME GIFT SHOP

We thank all who are helping to build the fund necessary for our Vacation Home. During the coming fall and winter such work must be done and such money acquired that the Home will next spring be a working unit of the Society.

Our Hospital is not two years old; nevertheless from its inception it has proved its great value in conserving animal life, and the Home, where all the animal friends and patients may recuperate, is more a crying need now than at any previous time.

The work of raising the Fund is slow yet sure, and all who are interested must work faithfully and steadfastly to attain the object in view.

If everyone who reads this column would send just one dime it would help greatly toward that growing Mile o' Dimes.

If everyone subscribing for these magazines, would remember the Home, it would help some more: *The Craftsman*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Harper's Bazar*, *Cosmopolitan*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Country Gentleman*.

The Krinklet teacake cutter (\$1.25), the tiny inside Clothesline Reel (25 cents), may be had by mail.

Holiday cards will be a Gift Shop feature this season.

Many articles made and sent by loving hands are for sale all the time; they are attractive, dainty, and priced moderately.

Address, Mrs. Estelle Tyler Warner, 386 Washington Street, Brookline, Massachusetts (Telephone, Brookline 6756-W), who has charge of all business connected with this part of the Society's work.

ANOTHER NEW AMBULANCE

WE had hoped to present to our readers this month a picture of our handsome new ambulance for small animals, but unfortunately the manufacturers were a day or two late in making the delivery. The picture will appear in the December issue.

THANKSGIVING DAY

THANKSGIVING is a time for showing gratitude for the blessings of the past year. It is fitting, too, that animals be given more than a kindly thought at this time. Why not remember the needs of humane societies and send in your Thanksgiving gifts?

FREE STALLS AND KENNELS

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

P. O. Address, Fenway Station

For rates of membership in both of our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*

EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*

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Edward C. Butler	Mexico
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey
Jerome Perinet, Introduceur des	
Bands of Mercy en Europe . .	Switzerland

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Miss Mary Harrold, Washington, D. C.

FOUNTAINS IN CALIFORNIA

DURING the past year, the Los Angeles Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has installed six sanitary drinking fountains for animals throughout different sections of Los Angeles county, at a total cost to the Society of nearly \$600.

These fountains are an ornament to a community and have been gratefully received. One each was installed in the cities of Whittier, Glendale, Hermosa and Lancaster, and two in Santa Monica.

This is one of the uses to which the Society has placed certain funds received by donation, or from estates of humanitarians. The Society hopes to be able to install more of these fountains in districts through the county, where distances are great from one watering place to another.

MRS. CAROLINE EARLE WHITE

THE news of Mrs. White's death came just as the last issue of *Our Dumb Animals* was going to press and we had opportunity only to announce the sad news. It is a singular coincidence that she and Dr. Albert Leffingwell, both widely known as humanitarians, and friends of many years, should have gone from us in the same month.

Mrs. White was a woman of unusual personality and power. She will stand forever associated in the humane movement in this country with Henry Bergh and George Thorndike Angell. Those three were the real founders of the work for the prevention of cruelty to animals in the new world.

To a most gracious spirit Mrs. White added a mental equipment which peculiarly fitted her for the large service she was able during her long life to render to the humane cause. A wide knowledge of men and things in this country and in Europe, a remarkable gift both as a speaker and writer, made her always a notable representative at national and international humane congresses.

Though tolerant, and with a woman's natural kindness, she knew how to smite with vigorous blows the forces that seemed to her at enmity with the reforms to which she had devoted her life.

Years of acquaintanceship and correspondence had won from us for her a profound respect and a very sincere affection. F.H.R.

LUCY MACKENZIE HUMANE SOCIETY

IT was the privilege of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to attend the annual meeting of the Lucy Mackenzie Humane Society at Woodstock, Vermont, last September, and to give a stereopticon address to a very appreciative audience. Among those present was Mr. F. S. Mackenzie, who recently gave the Society \$10,000 in memory of his late wife, who was devoted to the cause of animal protection and whose name the new organization bears. Many of the most prominent people in this small but attractive village are identified with the Society which, under the presidency of Judge Southgate and the efficient work of Miss Alice J. Boyce as secretary, has become one of the most active of its kind. The year's report shows that the Society employed an agent to investigate cases of cruelty, maintained a rescue department for stray animals, organized Bands of Mercy in the schools, and distributed much humane literature.

A CONSPICUOUS OMISSION

WE ought," said Woodrow Wilson, in his recent speech of acceptance, "both to husband and to develop our natural resources, our mines, our forests, our water power. I wish we could have made more progress than we have made in this vital matter."

Every student of economic conditions, whether seeking investment for his capital, or planning the betterment of the race by humane education, realizes that among the things as necessary to conserve as those that the President mentioned, is our animal life.

More is wasted every year through inhumanity than is lost by war and pestilence.

Teaching children to be kind to animals is not only laying the foundation for a kind and compassionate nature, but it is teaching them one of the fundamental principles of political economics.

"THE HUMANE IDEA"

MR. SIDNEY TRIST, editor of *The Animals' Guardian*, London, England, has this to say about Dr. Rowley's book in the September number of *The Guardian*:

One of the best of all humane books is "The Humane Idea," by Francis H. Rowley, President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Inquiry into the subject, as Dr. Rowley says, leads one into the recesses of the history, the literature, the art, and the religion of mankind. We have read the book with the greatest possible interest. It has enlarged our knowledge, deepened our convictions, and broadened our thought and outlook. There is a big current of humane feeling in America which makes, more so, we think, than is the case in the older countries of our European civilization, an equal appeal to the heart as to the mind. This is no demerit, rather the contrary. Bret Harte, in our youth, taught us sympathetic understanding by his inimitable short stories, and although Dr. Rowley dips deeply into the history of the far past, he never becomes academic; it is all done with that sympathetic tenderness which makes so profound an appeal to the conscience and the heart of mankind.

This volume should be more widely circulated. The price is only twenty-five cents, cloth, or twelve cents, paper, prepaid. Address, The American Humane Education Society, Boston.

A PLEA FOR JUSTICE

OUR representative in the South, the Rev. Richard Carroll, advises us that he has sent a copy of the following letter to the managers of all the fairs where there are race-tracks maintained and frequented by Negroes:

Columbia, S. C., Sept. 22, 1916

Dear Sir:—

You are a professing Christian and most of the officers of your association profess Christianity. Some of the officers are ministers of the gospel and almost all of the stock-holders are professed Christians; some are officers in the churches.

I want to appeal to you in the name of Christianity to have no races during the fair. Think of the suffering that comes to the horses everywhere throughout the South owing to these races. Some are whipped unmercifully by brutal and drunken men. My heart has often pained me when I witnessed the treatment of horses on race-tracks and the mules and horses that are driven around the ring for show, the high checkrein and the brutal lashing of horses with whips.

The horse looks to you for justice and protection. This is a work for Christian people that they must not neglect. O, women and men of God, who profess to know Him who said, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy," I appeal to you to stop this brutal treatment of our best and most useful friend, the horse, and I beg you to read Proverbs 31:8.

I am yours for Humane Education and practice,

RICHARD CARROLL.

WHEN the press and the pulpit, the professors in our colleges and the teachers in our schools, have come to realize the need and the value of humane education, then will life and property in this country be safer; and labor and capital will work amicably, hand in hand.

THE "SPORT" OF KILLING

At a certain time in the year a strange impulse takes possession of some people. It is shown in a desire to shed blood; to slay the helpless; to scatter fear, pain and death where once was life, peace and happiness. It then becomes the "proper thing" to leave one's home, invade the homes of our peaceful brothers of the forest, and kill them for what we are pleased to call our "sport." It is then that the beautiful wilds, which speak of mystery and poetry and God, are turned into shambles by those who claim to be made in the "image of God"; when the graceful and timid deer, whose very innocence should shield it from harm, chased and ambushed by human beings, rushes wildly through the woods, trailing its blood behind it on the foliage of its forest home.

Why is it that so-called civilized men (and some women!) enter upon this blood carnival with such enthusiasm? Is it on account of the out-door life it offers? But that can be gained in a hundred ways without the shedding of innocent blood. The camera, mountain-climbing, and the joys of harmless camp life should be sufficient for human beings with a spark of chivalry in their natures, without the need of hounding to death innocent creatures living their own lives in their own homes. Why should we continue to hug to our bosoms the old, barbarous associations of the out-door life (legacies from our savage ancestry) when we can enjoy its pleasures without them?

Not Sudden Death Alone

Let it be remembered this is not a matter of sudden death alone; for many wounded animals crawl away to die slowly in some fastness. In "Tracks of a Rolling Stone," by Hon. H. J. Coke, are illustrated the possibilities liable to occur in the chase of any wild animal that escapes, wounded:—

"I got a long snap-shot on the stag and hit the beast in the haunch. It was late in the day and the wounded animal got away. Nine days later I spied the big stag again. . . .

"Not once did he rise or attempt to feed, but lay there restlessly beating his head against the ground. I knew well enough what that meant. His plaint could not reach my ear, but it reached my heart. . . . I put up the 200-yard sight and killed him.

"I will not attempt to describe the body in detail. It would not be desirable. I will merely say that it was wasted away and almost fleshless except for his wounded haunch, which was greatly swollen. This I had done, and for my pleasure!"

"After that year I went no more to Scotland."

Among the seekers for such "pleasure" it may be that there are some whose souls still answer to the promptings of generous sentiment. To such I would say: Stop a moment and think—think twice at least before, for the empty purpose of displaying your physical dexterity, you deliberately add to the heavy load of the world's misery. These creatures you are about to molest have nerves like ours; have hopes and aims and fears; have affection and family ties; and they have never wronged you! In that remarkable book of Du Maurier, "Peter Ibbetson," is found this passage, pages 95, 96:—

"As I picked it (the wounded rabbit) off the ground, and felt its poor little warm, narrow chest, and the last beats of its heart under its weak ribs, and saw the blood on its fur, I was smitten with pity, shame and remorse; and I settled with myself that I would find some other road to English gentlemanhood than the slaying of innocent wild things, whose happy life seems so well worth living."

To those who, when the "open season" is on, are wont to find their "sport" in duck-hunting along our shores, I would recommend the following from a current periodical:—



EXHIBIT OF THE REGINA (SASKATCHEWAN) S.P.C.A. AT THE PROVINCIAL SUMMER FAIR, 1916, FOR WHICH LITERATURE, PENNANTS, AND PLACARDS WERE FURNISHED BY THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY THROUGH MRS. M. C. BENSON, OF REGINA

"I remember I once stood at sunset on a lonely beach, looking out over the water, completely absorbed in the beauty of the scene, when suddenly a tern sailed slowly into view. I raised my gun and fired, and the bird, with a broken wing, fell whirling through the air to the water. Wishing to end its misery, I fired another shot, but this fell short; and then, my ammunition gone, I went slowly back over the sandhills, leaving the tern to float back and forth on the dark water and utter its mournful cry.

"In the morning I went again to the beach and found the poor creature, half-dead, dragging itself up the sand, covered with blood, its broken wing hanging from its body. In mercy I killed it. Never shall I forget the look of those deep, shining black eyes that seemed to ask only for death and relief from suffering. It seemed like murder. From that moment I quit gunning forever."

J.M.G.

"It is very strange and very melancholy that the paucity of human pleasures should persuade us to call hunting one of them."

Dr. JOHNSON.

NOTE:—The above article is published in leaflet form by the American Humane Education Society, at 25 cents per hundred, postpaid.

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.

BYRON

DUMB!

BY SISTER M. FIDES SHEPPERSON
Open thy mouth for the dumb. Proverbs, xxxi. 8.

THERE is a close connection between the creature that is dumb and the little child: that common bond is helplessness. As to the Hottentot type of men, feebleness to resist and inability to reveal are calls to fiendish glee in abuse of power; so, on the contrary, to men of noble mind these conditions are, in themselves, mute appeals for justice and mercy. Simply because the cat cannot tell how much she suffers, even physically, when all her kittens are taken away from her; and because the dog cannot tell that he has been without water all the long summer day; and because the horse cannot make known how the galled shoulder shudderingly throbs under the non-fitting collar; and because *ad infinitum* through the long silent sorrows of the dumb—we plead for them.

Many voices thus raised, but, more potent still, many minds thus intently sympathetic with voiceless wrongs, must telepathically create an influence favorable to the interests of those who cannot speak for themselves. There emanates from us that we are irrespective of anything we may say; and therefore our own living love of all life from highest to lowest is our most eloquent opening of the mouth for the dumb and for the causes of all the children that pass.

THE POLAR BEAR

BY ANNA M. FIELDING

WITHIN the great, white stillness
Of the ice-bound, frozen North,
A monarch proud and fearless,
The Polar Bear stepped forth.

Then a strong, entangling lasso
Was cast across the snow;
In vain he fought and struggled
Against his crafty foe.

And now a sullen captive,
He makes the dreary round
Of his iron-barred enclosure,
In solitude profound.

When days wax hot and sultry,
In wretchedness extreme,
He sways with rhythmic motion
Beneath the sun's fierce gleam.

His eyes are small and bloodshot,
His twitching lip uplifts;
So ponderous yet pathetic,
He yearns for snowy drifts.

Then panting, hopeless, tortured,
In a massive, shaggy heap,
He falls, convulsive sobbing —
Not only mortals weep.

SNAKES, THE FARMERS' FRIENDS

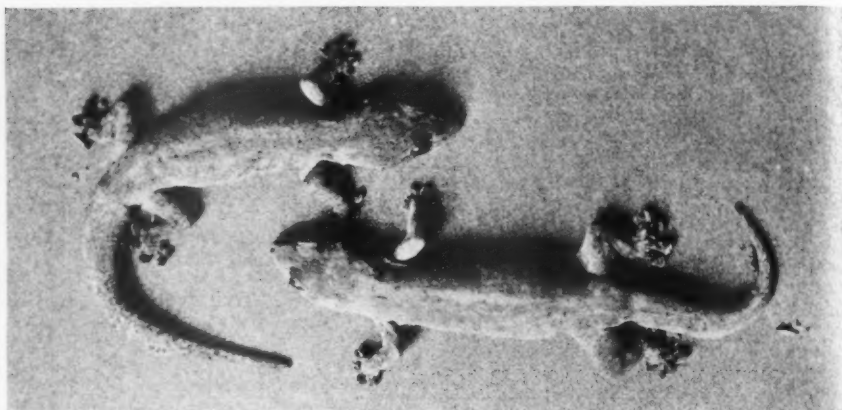
AMONG the best although least-appreciated friends of the farmer are the harmless snakes, such as the milk-snake, the chicken-snake, the garter-snake, the bull-snake, the blotched king-snake, the blue-snake, the black-snake, and some others. All of them are the natural enemies of rats, mice, weasels and similar animals that infest farms and village homes, especially where there is poultry or other small live stock.

In an article in the *Scientific American*, Dr. Robert W. Shufeldt of Washington says that it would well repay every farmer in the country to keep half a dozen harmless vermin-destroying snakes on every acre of his place. Thousands of harmless snakes are killed every year by boys, ignorant farm-hands and misinformed women, although it has been proved that rats, mice and other rodents cause enormous losses to cereal crops.

Although most farmers believe that the common chicken-snake haunts their outbuildings in order to feed on their young ducks and chickens, the snake does nothing of the kind; but it does destroy great numbers of young mice and other pests.

Harmless snakes are the easiest animals in the world to tame, and it is high time that the false ideas about them should be corrected. More than that, it should be taught that, like birds, they are among the best animal friends that the farmer has. If we destroy them, we pave the way for the destruction of our forests, our staple farm products, and a good deal else that now and always has been protected by snakes and birds.

The art of being kind is the art of being humane — its fruitage is happiness, a thing in life so much desired and so blindly sought. "I wonder," says one, "why it is that we are not all kinder than we are? How much the world needs it. How easily it is done. How instantaneously it acts. How superabundantly it pays to be kind — to be humane."



HOUSE COMPANIONS IN MANILA

A FACTORY THAT EMPLOYS SPIDERS

SPIDERS are probably the most indispensable workmen in one of the largest English surveying instrument factories. It is their duty to spin the delicate thread which is used for the cross hairs to mark the exact center of the object lens in the surveyor's telescope, states a writer in a recent issue of the *New York American*.

Spider web is the only suitable material yet discovered for the cross hairs of surveying instruments. Almost invisible as this fiber is to the naked eye it is brought up in the powerful lenses of the telescope to the size of a man's thumb, so that all defects, if there happened to be any, would be magnified to such a degree that the web would be useless.

Human hair has been tried, but when magnified it has the apparent dimensions of a rough-hewn lamp-post. Moreover, human hair is transparent, and cross hairs must be opaque.

The spiders produce during a two months' spinning season thousands of yards of web, which is wound upon metal frames and stored away until needed.

A spider "at work" dangles in the air by its invisible thread, the upper end being attached to a metal wire frame whirled in the hands of a girl. The girl first places the spider on her hand until the protruding end of the thread has become attached. When the spider attempts to leap to the ground this end is quickly attached to the center of the whirling frame, and as the spider pays out thread this line is wrapped around the frame. Several hundred feet of thread can be removed from a spider at one time.

The spiders are kept in a large room under the supervision of three girls and a forewoman. When not spinning the little workmen are placed in a large wooden cage. Flies are the chief article of diet.

During the winter months the spider colony usually dies, so that an entirely new corps of workmen must be recruited. Not every spider will do — only large fat fellows that spin a tough, round thread are suitable.

Singularly enough the girls who have charge of the spiders in this English factory are not in the least afraid of them or their bites. On the contrary they regard them as pets, are able to tell them apart and to call them by nicknames which humorously describe their appearance or their peculiar habits of work.

THE old worship of military heroes must pass. The new recognition of heroes of peace must grow.

LIZARDS AS HOUSEHOLD COMPANIONS

LIZARDS or chameleons are by no means unwelcome in the houses of Manila, Philippine Islands. On the walls and ceilings of many dwellings these harmless and inoffensive, if unattractive, little creatures may be found. They are well worth their keep, for they catch and consume the house-flies that otherwise would increase so as to become a pest. Although many of the houses in the American quarter are of concrete construction the lizards will find their way in through open door or window and, if unable to squeeze into crack or cranny in the wall or perhaps behind a window facing, will retire to the outside by the same route. But no one wants to keep them out. The two plump specimens shown above were photographed upon a ceiling.

COURTEOUS WILD BEASTS

JUST as one dog will respect another dog's bone, so even the fiercest wild beasts have their unwritten laws and their little conventions.

One common idea which has found its way into scores of books of adventure is that the lion and tiger take advantage of the insistent call of thirst to get a supper. That is to say, they go down to the water-pool, the only one for miles around, take a good drink themselves, and then lie in wait for some gazelle or giraffe or ibex coming there for a like purpose, in order to spring upon the poor creature whilst in the act of drinking and make a meal of it.

Yet this is a libelous estimate of wild beast character. The fact is that there is a sort of truce of the water-hole in jungle and forest. As far as killing is concerned, the drinking-place is out of bounds. There is an invisible notice-board on its banks which says: "Live and Let Live," and it is implicitly obeyed.

There is an order of precedence. The rhinoceros gets first drink. He is the king of the forest jungle. Then comes the elephant. When he has lowered the tide-mark and made the water more like coffee than anything else, the big pussy-cats stroll down to quench their ardent tongues — the lions, the leopards, the tigers, the jaguars and pumas.

Meanwhile the shy animals, the giraffes, deer, springboks, and even the buffaloes, although they are a match for a lion, stand in the background and wait till the carnivora have done. But the latter never prevent their approach to the water or waylay them on their retirement. And that is better manners — aye, and better morals — than many men show.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

CHICKADEE-DEE AND HIS FRIENDS, Lyle Ward Sanderson.

Bird-life presents so many phases of interest to readers of all ages that every new book upon the subject is pretty sure to receive a ready welcome. This volume is one of rare merit. Each of its score or more of stories relates to some one of the commonly known birds and pictures them in roles so human-like that all their sayings and doings are followed with the keenest interest.

The stories have an educational value inasmuch as they bring out certain individual characteristics of the birds, and the author hopes they may cause many children to make the acquaintance and cultivate the friendship of those little tenants of the orchard, the meadow and the wildwood. A complete description of each bird mentioned in the text is given in an appendix.

There are some good illustrations in color and in black and white.

148 pp. \$1.25 net. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

LITTLE WHITE FOX AND HIS ARCTIC FRIENDS, Roy J. Snell.

Away up in the lands of snow and ice there are hosts of creatures big and little, some sharp-eyed, swift-footed and nimble-witted, others slow of pace but brave and powerful. The author has lived among these interesting folk, watched them playing as well as getting their living and has some fascinating stories about them to tell boys and girls from four to twelve years of age.

Little White Fox is full of mischief and has many adventures and not a few narrow escapes from Omnok the hunter, with his terrible gun and his cruel traps, and there are chapters devoted to Little White Bear, Miss Ptarmigan, Little Brown Seal and many others.

With the clever colored illustrations by George F. Kerr the volume is highly attractive and the facts in the stories are true to nature.

130 pp. 75 cents, net. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

MOTHER WEST WIND "HOW" STORIES, Thornton W. Burgess.

Here is another volume of capital animal stories for the children told in that inimitable style that makes the "Burgess" books so popular. No more appealing books for young readers have appeared than this series, in which all the familiar wood animals, also the frogs, fishes, and birds, are endowed with speech, wear clothes, and live and act in their world in the fashion to delight little folks. There are some fifteen stories, enlivened with illustrations by Harrison Cady.

228 pp. \$1 net. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE ADVENTURES OF PRICKLY PORKY, Thornton W. Burgess.

That strange creature, without head or tail or legs that rolled down Prickly Porky's hill and nearly scared Peter Rabbit and many others out of their very wits, set all the Green Forest folk to talking and not a few of them to investigating. Yes, indeed, it was a great mystery that puzzled and worried and frightened even the shrewdest ones until Buster Bear gave away the secret and made it known that it was none other than Prickly Porky himself, playing that old trick of his of rolling down hill like a hoop and, with the leaves sticking to the spines of his coat, presenting a most dreadful appearance. The story makes another very fascinating addition to the Bedtime Series.

116 pp. 50 cents, net. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE ADVENTURES OF OLD MAN COYOTE, Thornton W. Burgess.

Down in the Green Meadows there was great consternation when Old Man Coyote decided to take up his residence there. All the little people, with whom so many boys and girls are now quite familiar, devise all sorts of plans to get him into trouble and so drive him away, but Mr. Coyote proves too wary and shrewd for them and so they have to make the most of him. The latest volume shows no falling off in the author's wonderful talent for animal story telling.

120 pp. 50 cents, net. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

HOW THE HORSE SLEEPS

HORSES, when turned out to pasture, are more prone to take their rest lying down than when confined in stable stalls, but even when practically free from human restraint and observation, or any likelihood of danger, they seldom take more than an hour each night in the recumbent position, and that period is generally indulged in at about midnight.

A noted veterinarian says: "There are some curious facts regarding the disposition of horses in the matter of lying down. To a hard-working horse repose is almost as much of a necessity as food and water, but tired as he may be, he is an animal very shy about lying down. I have known instances where stablemen declared that horses in their charge had never been known to take a rest in that manner, but always slept standing. In some of these instances the animals were constantly under human watchfulness night and day, and in other cases the conclusions were arrived at because no marks of the bedding were ever found upon their coats. I now recall an instance of a horse that stood in a stall near the entrance of a livery stable. No one ever saw that animal lying down within a period of fifteen years, and he finally died standing."

It is a theory — only vague supposition — that a horse sleeps standing because he fears that insects or mice may creep up his nostrils. It is also known that the elephant has the same horror of mice and that a small rodent can cause more consternation among a herd of those colossal animals than can a tiger or boa-constrictor. A mouse in the hay at a circus will cause every elephant in the collection to hold his trunk aloft, plainly indicating that they fear the little creature may take refuge in the proboscis orifice.

But to return to horses. It has always been said that they "sleep with one eye open," and are constantly on guard. An Indian shod in cotton felt moccasins, practising all the sly arts of his people, could not, with the wind in his favor, approach a sleeping horse without being detected. No odds how weary a horse may be, his ears are constantly turning and twisting, so that their funnels may catch the slightest unusual noises. — *Inland Farmer*.

THE degree of civilization can be reckoned by the degree of humanity towards animals.

PIERRE DE COULEVAIN.

YOUR CHRISTMAS — THEIR CHRISTMAS

DON'T you, whether a grown person or a child, wish to spend a pleasant Christmas in the thought that you have done some good, not only on Christmas Day but on ALL THE DAYS between now and Christmas? Here is how you can do it:

Get a small bank, or an improvised one in the form of a box. Every day, or as many times a day as you can or wish — and get your friends to do so, also — drop a coin, small or large, in this bank. Let these coins accumulate until Christmas Day, for the benefit of animal welfare work, and send the deposits to our Society for any of the four WORTHY causes you are interested in, namely:

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

THE ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

THE "BE KIND TO ANIMALS" VACATION HOME

This idea should appeal to all enthusiastic humane people, to children of Bands of Mercy, and to those in Sunday and day schools. Aside from the practical benefit, it will be a daily reminder and an incentive to further the humane cause morally. These deposits can be sent to us any time after Christmas, or monthly, or any time before the end of the year, the senders indicating to which of the four humane causes they wish such funds credited. Near this bank or box (which can be placed conspicuously to attract the gifts of visitors) should be a large card, bearing the following appeal:

"BE KIND TO ANIMALS"

By placing a coin in this box, the proceeds of which will go to the work of PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS as a CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR ANIMAL WELFARE WORK.

THE MORE YOU GIVE THE BETTER YOU WILL FEEL, for there is NO GREATER SATISFACTION than the thought that you "SPEAK (AND GIVE) for those WHO CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

Help us to help those who cannot help themselves. DO IT NOW!



THE CHILDREN'S DEAREST FRIENDS



THE BLOOMER GIRL

BY LOUELLA C. POOLE

RUN, Spotty, Speckle, Flirt,
Redtop and Molly, Pert!
The little Bloomer Girl is on her way —
A basket in her hands —
To where the old barn stands,
Sweet with the scent of cattle and of hay!

The biddies scamper fast,
For such a fine repast
The little Bloomer Girl spreads on the ground;
Old Scamp the rooster comes
To take the proffered crumbs,
The ducklings and the pigeons flock around.

Her nest beneath the eaves
The brooding swallow leaves;
The fat gray goose, too, comes as pensioner;
O what a lively sight!
What sounds of pure delight —
Of chirps and cackles, soft wings' whirl and stir!

Each creature on the place
Is glad to see the face
Of the Bloomer Girl — and what her basket yields;
Every bird and chick and hen
Is made so happy when
She comes a-tripping, tripping o'er the fields.

O faithful little Pearl,
Dear cheery Bloomer Girl,
As you tread the paths of duty do you guess
What seeds of love you sow
About you as you go
Intent upon your ways of helpfulness?

MY TRAMP CAT

BY MRS. BERTHA B. SPOONER

IT was a poor, wee bit of kittenhood which
sidled into our back yard one day last summer
and apologetically rubbed against my
dress. We needed a cat, so I brought her in,
fed her, and gave her a bed in the cellar. Ere
many days the little sides which had been so
pitifully flat began to round out and her con-
tented purr told us how happy she was.

With her increasing comfort she began to
take an interest in her personal appearance and
her baths became very frequent. The dingy
black and white coat became a dazzling con-
trast of glossy black and snowy white. Our
tramp cat is a beauty. She is clever, too. Not
a rat or a mouse has appeared since her arrival.
When she wishes to go out she reaches up and
rattles the knob — and when she wishes to come
in she rings the bell.

The Band of Mercy

Founders of American Band of Mercy
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOS. TIMMINS
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT } State Organizers
L. H. GUYOL }

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to
protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band
of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen
for the Band and the name and post-office address of the
president who has been duly elected:

1. Our Dumb Animals, for one year.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems,
addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and thirty-five new Bands of
Mercy were reported in September, of which
75 were in Connecticut; 38 in Kentucky;
five each in Maine, North Carolina and Ohio;
two in New York; and one each in Minnesota,
New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Texas and Wash-
ington. The numerals show the number of
Bands in each school or town:

Bath, Maine: Wesley M. E. Church S. S., 2; People's
Baptist Church S. S., 2.
Durham, Maine: Friends' Bible School.

Schools in Connecticut

Groton: Poquonnoe, 2; Sacred Heart, 3; Groton Heights,
11.
Mystic: Mystic Academy, 6; Fishtown.
Noank: Grammar, 5.
Pequabuck: Pequabuck, 2.
Plymouth: Plymouth, 5.
Stafford: Burch.
Stafford Springs: Stafford Springs, 16.
Terryville: Main St., 6; Terryville, 15.
West Mystic: West Mystic, 2.

Wellsburg, New York: West Hill; Methodist S. S.
Parker's Landing, Pennsylvania: Parker's Landing.
Salem, Ohio: Golden Rod; St. Paul's Parochial School, 4.
Anglesea, New Jersey: Anglesea.

Charlotte, North Carolina: Friendship Baptist S. S., 2;
St. Michael's Episcopal Schools, 2; Lutheran School.

Bands in Kentucky

Auxier: Merciful, 37; Auxier, 3.
Bath: Little Carr's Fork.
Beaver: Mountain Sunbeams.
Blackey: Blackey.
Boons Camp: Boons Camp; Earnest Workers; Three
Forks; Kind Deeds; Carmona.
East Point: East Point, 4.
Elizabethtown: Hardin; Mocking-bird; Kentucky Car-
dinal; Dumb; Kindness; Defenders; The Owl; The
Workers; Friends and Helpers; Humane.
Linwood: Trueheart.
Offutt: Meek.
Paintsville: Concord No. 1.
Thelma: Concord No. 2; Thelma; Buffalo No. 1; Buffalo
No. 4.
Van Lear: Buffalo, 2.
Vest: Yellow Mountain.
Williamsport: Two Mile; Williamsport.

Forney, Texas: Be Kind Band of Mt. Zion Baptist Church.
Duluth, Minn: Dan Patch.
Seattle, Washington: Beacon.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 102,751

AN ANIMAL PUZZLE
BY WALTER WELLMAN

A CARELESS DRIVER

BY DOROTHY DYER

A SHORT time ago, as I was passing a house
on my way to the office, I saw a young girl
standing on the porch. A school girl, I imagined
her to be, for under her arm were her books.
She held a saucer of milk in her hands.

"Here Murphy, Murphy," she was calling.
I must have looked rather curious, for she gave
me a bright smile and explained,

"He always does run away to see Ruth, across
the street. I have such a time getting him, even
at lunch time. Here he comes now."

A little gray maltese Angora pussy ran out
into the road, but just as he was scampering
across, a huge machine darted around the
corner. Before the poor little cat could turn
either to left or to right, it had broken his back.
With a despairing cry, he lay very still.

My little school friend dropped her books and
the milk. She turned pale and trembled, then
sank down upon the steps, sobbing as if her
heart would break. I tried to comfort her in
vain.

"He's all I had," she sobbed, "and I loved
him so!"

Cannot something be done to stop such
careless drivers? Cannot they ever be taught
to be careful and considerate of helpless animals?

CHILDREN'S PAGE

"PUSSY WILLOW"

BY L. MYRTLE SOURS

MY neighbors had a kitten dressed in gray,
And they called her "Pussy Willow" by the way.
She wore slippers all of white
And a collar just as bright,
And O, she was a beauty, plump and gay!

I often heard their children's voices hum,
Calling softly, "Pussy, Pussy Willow, come,"
For she followed them down street
On her pretty slipped feet,
And they had to coax her back and take her home.

This "Pussy, Pussy Willow," sleek and fat,
Was a very happy little pussy cat;
She had fur as soft as silk
And she loved to drink warm milk,
And to curl herself to sleep upon the mat.

PITTI-FU, THE GARDENER

BY EDNA S. KNAPP

THERE is a queer little yellow gentleman fussing about among my flowers. He has beady black eyes and wears curious clothes, not at all like the overalls you wear in your garden. His robe is white and yellow with odd black figures and gray borders.

Father must have engaged him without letting me know. I will ask his name. He speaks a language I do not understand, but he seems to know what I say, for he answers clearly, nodding and bobbing in the funniest way, "Pitti-Fu."

He potters about, now loosening up the dirt around the roots of one plant or picking the dead leaves or blossoms off another. He does not work very steadily; now he pauses to admire a blossom or rest from his past labor, or to watch a butterfly flitting past.

He does not seem to be very much interested in his work; he has just picked off a blossom from my pet begonia. "Do be careful," I cry, pointing to the blossom he has thrown down. He nods and bobs and goes on to my handsomest fern. He works for a while and the next time I look up he is languidly picking the tip from a brand-new frond. "Oh, please be careful," I implore. He nods and bobs again and goes to work somewhere else.

"He is a very careless gardener," I conclude. "I must get Father to discharge him." Next, can I believe my eyes, there he is sitting at his ease on a branch of the oleander.

I survey my garden and the ruin he has wrought. "You are a bad gardener; see what you have done!" I say severely. "Cheer up," he responds.

"I didn't know you spoke English," I said in surprise.

He gave me a long answer of which I could not understand a word.

"You deserve to be sent to prison for this damage," I said. "I shall have to shut you up."

So I got the cage and put into it a lettuce leaf, and he walked in at once. My canary loves to work in my window-garden.

"Magic keys to open closed doors are these:
'Thank you, sir,' and 'If you please.'"

DOG GOES TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL

BY H. E. ZIMMERMAN

DR. W. C. CROSS, of Ashtabula, Ohio, is the proud owner of a dog that is a regular attendant at Sunday-school. The doctor says that however many services may be held in the church during the week or on Sunday, Prince never cares to go to any but the Sunday-school sessions. After many tests his owner is convinced that Prince not only knows the days but also the time for Sunday-school. He has never been known to be late or to miss a session of the school. As soon as he is given his contribution he is all eagerness to go. He is loved by all the teachers and children in the school. He visits every



"PRINCE" AND HIS MASTER

class, finally ending up at the primary class, when he jumps up on a chair, being a quiet and interested listener till the close of the school. The wonderful part of it all is that he has never been taught to do this, and is in no sense a trick dog. He just seems to get pleasure out of attending Sunday-school, that is all.

For the last two years Prince has been afflicted with rheumatism, so that one cold Sunday Mr. Cross thought he should not venture out. As soon as the church bell began to ring he sent up a howl that sent the chills up and down the backs of the Crosses. He was then let out of the house, but it was plain to be seen that he could scarcely drag himself along. Finding that he was unable to climb the stairs when he arrived at the church, he lay down at the foot of the stairs till some child carried him to the class room. Prince has always proved an incentive to the members of that school to be regular in attendance. He is shown in the picture with his master.

A WARNING FROM FLORIDA

THE STATE OF FLORIDA
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
TALLAHASSEE

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:—

There is no single problem facing the American people of more importance than that of protecting wild bird life. Many forms of game birds, useful for food and for the destruction of insect life—as well as singers—have become extinct. Birds not only aid in keeping down insect pests, but in preventing the spread of noxious weed seeds.

It is the opinion of experts that the future struggle for the possession of the earth will not be between man and man but between man and insects. We have before us examples of man's inability to cope with insects. The invasion by the moth now busy in New England's forest trees, and the onward march of the boll weevil in the cotton fields of the South are living and costly examples of this problem which will come to the minds of intelligent observers. There are thousands of kinds of destructive flying and creeping things and their fecundity is one of the marvels of life. Birds in past ages were able to maintain a balance between the two.

Despite a persistent educational campaign on the part of the Federal Government, the State authorities, the Audubon Society; various newspapers—in which *Our Dumb Animals* takes a leading place—many enlightened private individuals, backed up by the law in some cases, the wanton work of destruction continues, and unless effective steps are taken the country must sooner or later face a crisis. Not only are birds unnecessarily sacrificed, but nests are ruthlessly and shamelessly despoiled. The bird reproduces its kind but slowly, while a single bug can leave a progeny of a million in a single season.

Florida still has many varieties of birds, but the parrot has disappeared, and most of the beautiful plumed kinds, so common at one time, have fallen prey to visiting parties of robbers. Florida has a stringent law on the subject, with penalties that should be effective if the law was enforced. Wild things however do not seem to be recognized as having any rights or uses, and the desire to kill living things is so strong in boys and men that the slaughter continues. Some day our State must suffer with the others, unless effective measures are enforced against it.

Yours very truly,

W. A. McRAE,
Commissioner of Agriculture.

PEACE PRIZE CONTEST

UNDER the auspices of the American School Peace League two sets of prizes, to be known as the Seabury Prizes, are offered for the best essays on one of the following subjects:

1. What Education Can Do Toward the Maintenance of Permanent Peace. Open to seniors in Normal schools.

2. The Influence of the United States in the Adoption of a Plan for Permanent Peace. Open to seniors in secondary schools.

Three prizes of seventy-five, fifty and twenty-five dollars will be given for the best essays in both sets. The contest closes March 1, 1917. For conditions and all particulars address, Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, Secretary, American School Peace League, 405 Marlborough Street, Boston, Mass.

RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1916

Payment from Savings Banks (Bagley estate) \$4176.91.
Payment of mortgage note (Sawyer estate) \$1000.

Members and Donors

Mrs. L. N. K., \$600, sundry donations, \$6.84, Mrs. A. S. B., \$3, for the Angell Memorial Hospital, sundry donations, \$39.29, B. C. B., \$3, Miss M., \$1.01, and for summer work and horses' vacation, J. H. S., \$20.

TEN DOLLARS EACH

Mrs. E. W., E. M. B., N. E. C. Co., O. M. F., W. E. M., Mrs. A. C., J. I. M., and for summer work and horses' vacation, Mrs. K. H. N.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH

A. H. P., Mrs. G. C., Mrs. R. B. S. F., Miss E. E. M., L. J. A., F. B. W., Mrs. O. M. G., C. E. M., J. H. G. G., Mrs. F. M. F., J. B. K., K. & C. Co., Mrs. A. B. H., Mrs. F. E., Mrs. F. A. M., Mr. and Mrs. J. W. W. W., Mrs. W. H. C., "Cash," Mrs. A. A. P., Mrs. F. R. A., for the Angell Memorial Hospital Miss J. D., "in memory of our faithful family pet, Mollie," and for summer work and horses' vacation, C. N. P.

TWO DOLLARS EACH

Mrs. M. E. L., J. B., D. L. E., Mrs. A. L. H., Mrs. C. T. J., Mrs. M. J. H. G., H. D. W., Mrs. W. U. C., L. M. & Son, Mrs. B. L. B., J. B. W., and for summer work and horses' vacation, Miss L. M. L.

ONE DOLLAR EACH

M. M. B., Mrs. M. D., J. M. O., Miss M. G., Mrs. J. L. H., R. F. C., Mrs. G. L. M., C. A. W., "Cash," Mrs. S. A. N., Mrs. W. W. W., Mrs. E. P. P., Mrs. S. B. K., Mrs. H. G. H., H. C. S., Mrs. L. J. E., Mrs. M. Mc., Miss M. B., A. H. T., C. W. C., Mrs. F. L. S., M. T. G., for the Angell Memorial Hospital W. J. B., Mrs. E. P. H., R. M. S., Mrs. I. C., Mrs. E. J., Miss H. F. R., Mrs. S. L., E. R. D., C. A. W., Mrs. J. J. McD., Mrs. E. J. B., and for summer work and horses' vacation, M. E. W.

Interest and sundries, \$809.06. Total \$6912.11.
The American Humane Education Society, \$550.

Subscribers

Joseph C. Whipple, \$24.11; M. H., \$15; Mrs. M. B. L., \$8.28; M. C., \$6; B. F., \$6; J. R., \$5.98; H. A., \$4.80; J. B. F., \$4.20; E. C., \$4; N. B., \$3.60; E. M., \$3.60; Mrs. W. P. F., \$3; M. B. Y., \$3; J. A. S., \$3; E. A., \$2; Mrs. L. L. G., \$2; Mrs. L. A. L., \$2; Mrs. M. C. S. S., \$2; M. McK., \$2; E. C. B., \$2; L. B. H., \$2; A. C., \$2; N. B., \$2; Mrs. T. A. P., \$1.80; Mrs. E. C., \$1.20; A. A., \$1.20; H. G., \$1.20; A. M., \$1.20; M. B. S., \$1.10.

ONE DOLLAR EACH

R. S. F., Mrs. G. E. R., C. J. J. Jr., L. H. C., Mrs. S. A. D., M. S. B., M. B. C., M. W. T., Mrs. F. L. S., J. G. P., G. S., M. R. S., A. H. B., P. P. C., Mrs. S. H. W., Mrs. I. W. R. T., Mrs. W. A. F. W. B., M. C. S., Mrs. A. M. B., C. P., G. H. F., Mrs. J. W. R., H. L. H., Mrs. G. M. W., Mrs. A. T. McC., Mrs. G. M. M., I. K., Crowley, Mrs. T. E. S., V. B., Mrs. L. F. P., Miss M. E. M., A. F. H., E. R. S., I. H. L., Mrs. S. D., C. F. D.

All others, \$15.99. Total \$176.26.

Sales of publications, ambulance, etc., \$689.48.

RECEIPTS BY THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY FOR SEPTEMBER, 1916

A Massachusetts friend, \$209.12; a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature, \$40.33; South Bend Humane Society, \$34.10; M. D., \$16.57; Mrs. C., \$16; A. R. I. friend, \$12.54; Mrs. J. R. N., \$6.20; Mrs. M. F. L., \$5.03; B. G., \$3.70; Mrs. E. L. D., \$3.53; Steuben Co. Humane Society, \$2.37; M. P., \$2.30; B. P. L., \$2.18; Mrs. G. S., \$2.01; L. S., \$1.64; M. A., \$1.40; Mrs. S., \$1.35; J. W. W., \$1.25; H. H. P., \$1.20; H. A. C., \$1.10; E. C., \$1; Mrs. I. V. S., \$1; Mrs. S. J., \$1.
Small sales, \$23.08. Interest, \$637.19.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of the annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals. The Societies solicit correspondence and will be glad to furnish all further details.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

INTERESTED TO THE END

FROM the "friend and companion of seven years" of one who recently passed on, we have received these kindly words:

"You have faithfully sent her the magazine, *Our Dumb Animals*, which she enjoyed very much indeed. She was very fond of all dumb animals and was their best friend, first, last, and always. Even in her last illness, when she was too weak to open the window, she had her maid open it and shout to a man who was abusing his horse, as she was unable 'to speak for herself.' I want to thank you heartily for the favor shown in sending the magazine to her."

A SEEMING INCONSISTENCY

AN editorial, recently appearing in one of our daily papers, stated the indisputable fact that a visitor from Mars, looking first upon the picture of the work accomplished by our many humane organizations, and then upon the picture of men tearing at each other's throats without mercy or cessation, would be apt to wonder if we of this earth were not working at cross purposes with ourselves,—if we were reasonable human beings after all.

The editor states, with justice, that such visitor, reporting these conditions to the parish of Arcturus, could not help mentioning the thought that if mankind were to devote to the work of preventing men from killing each other, one half the energy they now devote to the work of preventing them from treating animals cruelly, he could better understand our methods and our aims.

The cause of humane education is still very young. But we cannot help believing that our work already is bearing fruit, not only in the bettered condition of the animals, but in the moral growth of the people. Nations antagonistic at every other point, have found a common meeting ground for their young people in this union for the protection of helpless things.

THE nightingale, if she should sing by day
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!

"Merchant of Venice"

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of *Our Dumb Animals*, published monthly, at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Publishers—The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Editor—Guy Richardson, Fenway Station, Boston, Mass.

Managing Editor—Francis H. Rowley, President, Fenway Station, Boston, Mass.

Business Managers—Officers of the Mass. S. P. C. A.

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock).

The Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (Charitable Corporation). All funds and property controlled by Board of Directors. Francis H. Rowley, President; Guy Richardson, Secretary; Eben. Shute, Treasurer.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities.

None.

Guy Richardson, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of September, 1916.

[Seal]

James R. Hathaway, Notary Public.

(My commission expires Nov. 1, 1918.)

Entered at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by George T. Angell in 1868

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DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President,
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor.

TERMS:

One dollar per year; clubs of five and over, 60 cents.

Special price to teachers, 50 cents. Postage free to all parts of the United States (except Boston Postal District, when less than full price is received).

Agents and societies are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

All members of either Society receive **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** free. Checks and other payments may be sent to EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer.

OFFICES OF THE SOCIETIES:

180 LONGWOOD AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS is the official organ of all our Societies.

ADVERTISING RATES sent upon application.

Manuscripts and all communications intended for *Our Dumb Animals* should be addressed to the EDITOR, Fenway Station, Boston, Mass.

OUR ADVERTISERS

We accept no advertisements back of which we cannot stand. Wherever our readers can patronize those who advertise with us we shall greatly appreciate it. If it can be brought to the advertiser's attention that his announcement in "Our Dumb Animals" has been influential in securing or retaining a customer, it will materially aid us in our work.

"The Humane Idea"

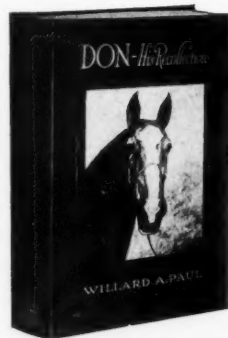
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The American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

HUMANE LITERATURE

The following publications and supplies are for sale by the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue (P. O. Address, Fenway Station), Boston, at these prices, postpaid:

Humane Calendar for 1917.....15 cts.

Our Dumb Animals, June, 1915, to May

1916, inc., bound in cloth.....\$1.25

Children's Book-Plate.....\$1.00 per 100

Humane Stamps, in colors.....15 cts. per 100

Post-card Photo of Angell Memorial Animal Hospital.....each 5 cts.

About the Horse

Don—His Recollections, Willard A. Paul, M.D.,

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